

## Changes at Imperial College Union

On Monday radical changes to the structure of Imperial College Union (ICU) will be proposed at a meeting of the student Union's most powerful body.

Restructuring ICU has been a goal of ICU President Chris Davidson since the beginning of his term of office. From the start of 1993 the opinions of students at Imperial have been canvassed in a series of focus groups. Mr Davidson recently granted leave by ICU Council to investigate solutions to the problems raised by these focus groups.

Over Easter a working party of five people was set up by Mr Davidson to discuss and propose changes to ICU structure. On Monday their recommendations for change will be put before ICU Council. The general outline of these proposals have been generally leaked and members of council have been lobbied over the past week for their opinions on the changes.

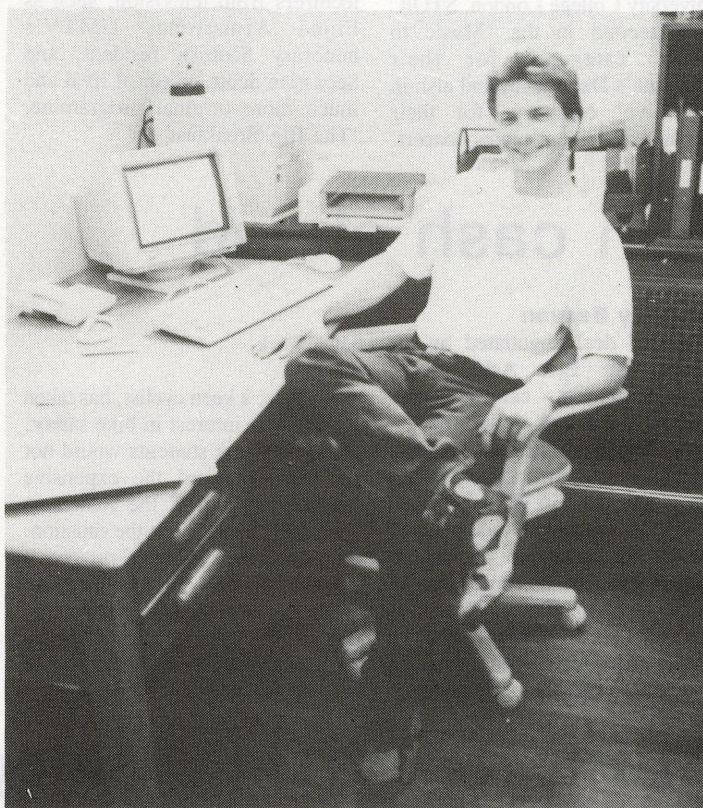
At present ICU is responsible to a Union General Meeting of all students held once a term. Management of the Union is run by ICU Council which meets once a month, with day to day running decided by Sabbaticals and Constituent College Union (CCU) Presidents. Council contains fifty five representative from most sections of the Union's activities: Departmental Representatives, CCU Presidents, Major and Minor Sub Committee Chairmen for Clubs and Societies to have a voice,

Welfare and Academic Representatives will also sit on the new body.

In principle, the proposals recommend the abolition of ICU Council to be replaced by a thirteen or fourteen man Executive committee. This committee would have power for the running of the Union with each member representing the views of an area of the students union to the executive. All positions on the executive would be made up from currently existing posts.

The members of the proposed executive would be: President, responsible for Union staff and representation, Hon Sec, looking after all clubs and societies, Overseas Student member, Post Graduate Affairs Officer, Academic Affairs Officer, Welfare Officer, Communications Officer, Deputy President and the four Presidents of the Constituent College Unions: St Mary's, City and Guilds, Royal School of Mines and the Royal College of Science.

Mr Davidson does not expect the plans to be approved in full by Council. Alterations will be made over the next few weeks so that a proposal can be made on the Annual General Meeting on 23rd June. If this successful then the changes will have to be approved by the Governing Body of Imperial College before they are implemented.



Chris Davidson: sitting pretty

## Balls to the Wall

Poor ticket sales threaten to wreck this year's May Balls at Imperial. As Felix goes to press on Thursday afternoon, members of the City and Guilds Union (C&GU) executive are meeting to decide the fate of the C&GU Ball. It is widely expected that the ball will be cancelled.

Any C&GU May Ball cancellation would follow last Friday's decision by the Royal College of Science Union (RCSU) to cancel the RCSU May Ball. This is the third cancellation of a major function by the RCSU in twelve months. Last year's RCSU May

Ball was cancelled after the 'withdrawal' of the Capital 95.8FM roadshow, and in January of this year, the RCSU Annual Dinner was scrapped after poor ticket sales.

Kate Dalton, C&GU President, described the situation as 'unfortunate', but declined to give a reason for the lack of sales. This year's tickets retail at a lower price than last year. The RCSU were charging £50 per double ticket and £30 per single, while the C&GU are charging £45 per double and £25 per single ticket.

**3/4/5**  
Wot No  
Opinion

**10/11**  
Mary's  
Madness

**12/13**  
Anarchy  
in the UK

**18/19**  
Carnival  
Knowledge



## STOIC win award

The Student Television of Imperial College (STOIC) has again won acclaim at the National Student Television Association conference. The 1993 convention was held over Easter at Bloomsbury Television, University College London. STOIC came second in the 'Music to Video' category, for their Valentine's Day video, and also in the 'Live' category, for their coverage of the Jamiroquai concert.

Imperial's channel came third in the 'Special Brief' category, for a film based around light, and in the 'Documentary' category, for their SplotSoc promotional video. The conference itself was host to guest lecturers from television, such as Fiona Armstrong, GMTV's honorary Scottish resident, and Sebastian Scott, editor of rival and much more original programme, 'The Big Breakfast'.

## Ash cash ahead

by Jonty Beavan

A special deal negotiated by the Rector, Sir Eric Ash, means Imperial students can buy bike helmets at a knock down price.

Any student with an Imperial College Union card can now buy a bike helmet for £16.95, a reduction of £8 from the normal sale price of £24.95. Helmets can be bought from E Chamberlain and Sons at 71-77 Kentish Town Road. A journey to E Chamberlain's emporium is described as a ten minute bike ride from the north of

Hyde Park.

Sir Eric, a keen cyclist, has taken a particular interest in bike safety. His worry that students would not be able to afford the expensive headgear prompted the Rector to personally intervene in the situation. At present the discounted protective equipment can only be brought from E Chamberlain's shop. The helmets may be sold from Imperial College Union Reception before the end of the academic year.

## Medic training eased

by Declan Curry

More intensive training could reduce the training period for junior doctors from 12 to 7 years, according to a new report. The inquiry team led by Dr Kenneth Calman, the chief Medical Officer, also called for a rapid increase in the number of consultants, and better communications between educational bodies, postgraduate deans, and NHS management.

The Calman report has now been presented to Virginia Bottomley, the Health Secretary. The report is also being sent to professional, educational and health service groups for consultation, with comments requested by 1 July.

The Calman team was set up in July 1992 to examine current arrangements for specialist medical training, and to see if changes were needed to bring the UK into line with European medical directives on minimum training standards and mutual recognition of qualifications. The team examined three main areas: the content of specialist training programmes; the system for appointment to consultant posts; and the relations between UK and European Community (EC) medical legislation.

The report said that specialist

training in the UK was 'substantially longer' than in Europe, and could be reduced without threatening standards. The report called for specialist training with 'defined starting and finishing points and structured curricula,' emphasising that the lack of a definite 'end-point' extends the length of training. The document also called for flexibility, choice, competition and assessment on merit to be in-built in training programmes.

On training grades, the report recommended 'that the career registrar and senior registrar grades be combined.' It also called for consideration of a single training grade 'incorporating the Senior House Office Grade'. The report also recommended that a Certificate of Completion of Specialist Training (CCST) should be awarded by the General Medical Council when 'a doctor has completed a training programme to a standard compatible with independent practice.'

The Calman team say that the main body of the report could be implemented within 2 or 3 years 'of being accepted by ministers', said the team, though 'the expansion of consultant numbers may take 5 years'.

## ABRC for axe in Waldegrave White Paper fury

by Declan Curry

There is concern this morning for the future of one of Britain's top scientific bodies. The Government has studiously refused to deny persistent press reports that it is to axe the Advisory Board for the Research Councils (ABRC).

The ABRC is an expert group of scientists which independently advises the Government on scientific policy. The Board has a reputation for vigorous independence, founded on a history of stormy confrontation with a long line of Education and Science ministers. Recently, Education Secretaries, including John McGregor and Kenneth Clarke have refused to publish recommendations from the committee.

The anxiety for the future of the ABRC comes as the Government is putting the finishing touches to its Science White Paper, due in early June. The contents of the White Paper will be influenced by the results of the year-long consultation initiated by Mr Waldegrave after he was appointed Science Minister in 1992. Over 700 submissions were

received by the Government during the consultation period. The ABRC was one of many bodies to submit proposals to the Science consultation.

This consultation paper from the ABRC is now the nub of the disagreement between the Government and its scientific critics. Tom Wilkie, the *Independent's* Science Editor, claimed this week that Mr Waldegrave would use the publication of the White Paper to abolish the ABRC in its current form, and to replace them with a Civil Service committee firmly based within the Science Ministry. Mr Wilkie further predicted that the ABRC would be wound up in September after Sir David Phillips, the current ABRC chairman, retires. Since the publication of the *Independent* article, Felix has been informed that Sir David's contract was renewed for a final six-month term 'within the last few weeks'.

Government information officers contacted by Felix all refused to deny that a plan exists to abolish the current ABRC. Tim Hunt, a senior press officer at the Office of Public

Service and Science, said that Mr Waldegrave 'has made it quite clear that he intends to maintain an independent advisory system, with experts from academia and industry'. Another spokesman, who did not disclose her name, said that Mr Waldegrave wanted the 'best possible independent advice.'

Mr Hunt told Felix that the *Independent* article was 'not strictly true', and that Mr Wilkie was 'not strictly accurate'. Mr Hunt added that the idea for the reform of the ABRC sprang directly from the Board's own submission to the science policy consultation. Mr Hunt later clarified his comments, and said it was 'not strictly true' to suggest that the ABRC had asked to be dissolved. This suggestion had been made to Felix by Andrew Puddephatt, General Secretary of Liberty, formerly the National Council of Civil Liberties, who added that he had been 'misled by the *Independent*.' Earlier, in the *Independent* article, Mr Puddephatt was quoted describing the 'abolition' of the ABRC as 'hypocrisy'.

Mr Hunt claimed the ABRC

submission 'indicated broadly a case for another body with more powers and with a more wide ranging brief than their own.' Mr Hunt added that the ABRC called for Mr Waldegrave to consider forming 'another independent body'.

Mr Hunt's comments have been slammed by Dr Jeremy Bray, MP for Motherwell South and former Labour Science and Technology spokesman. Dr Bray told Felix that Mr Hunt was 'misinterpreting what the ABRC said.' A spokesman for Dr Lewis Mooney, Labour's current Science spokesman, said that the ABRC submission called for 'a board for the research councils', and did not call for the abolition of the current research councils board, the ABRC. Dr John Mulvey, of the Bath-based pressure group Save British Science, said they would soon issue an 'alternative' White Paper, which would propose changes to the ABRC. 'We would separate the implementation and shaping of policy,' he said.







# Willy Waldegrave's CHAMPERS COMPO

*I prefer champagne to diesel because.....*

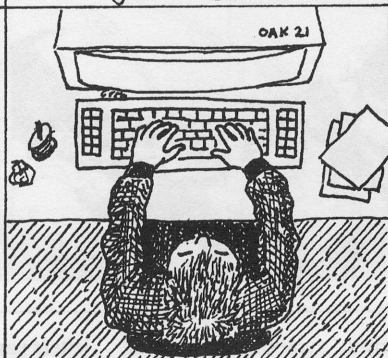
*I really want to find the Higgs boson honest guv because.....*

*and na ne na ne na na I also know what it is.....*

*Post to: William Waldegrave, Cabinet Office, Whitehall, SW1.*

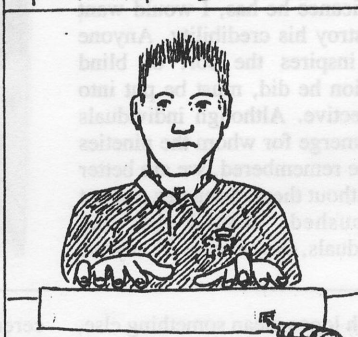
**The  
AMAZING  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
ANDREW  
The ABSTRACT  
ENTITY!**  
# 1:  
MINDWARP!

ANDREW, hardworking software engineering student ...



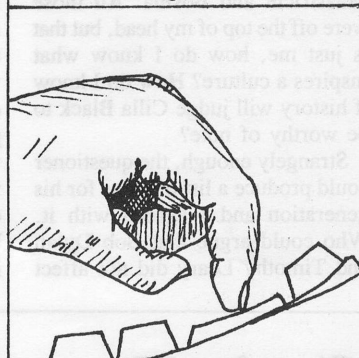
...is worried about Repetitive Strain Injury.

HE is also worried about eyestrain from 12 hours of Non-stop VDU work.

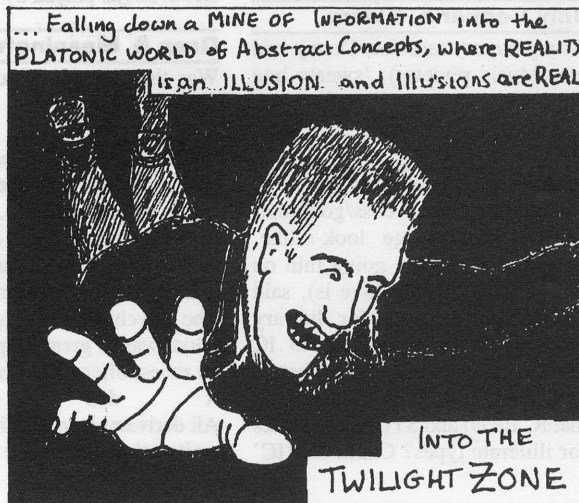
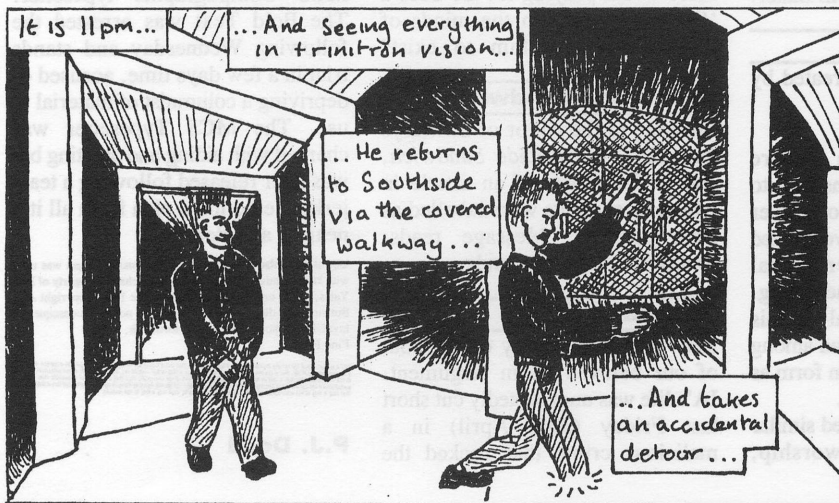


But he is MORE worried about getting his project in on time.

3 weeks of work in 2 days...



BUT NOW IT IS DONE.





# And now for the good news...

*It's babies galore on floor five! Declan Curry clucks over the new arrivals in the Sherfield Building*

## Good News correspondent

The patter of tiny feet has been heard on the top floor of the Sherfield Building this week. Felix is delighted to note that the elegant and graceful stork, 34, has gently delivered no less than five bundles of joy to our top administrators.

Sir Eric and Lady Claire Ash have thrice again become proud grandparents, news made sweeter by the delivery of their first grandson. Little Joseph, born only this Tuesday, weighed in at a cheeky 9lb 2oz. His new cousin, Alexandra, achieved a healthy 7lb 9oz, while the eldest of this cherubic trinity, Matilda, was a plump 7lb 11oz. Alexandra is the daughter of Moscow-based journalists, but Mother is taking some time out in London to share her happy child with her adoring grandparents. 'We're delighted,' Lady Ash said.

Meanwhile, there is news of new progress in the Development Office. Jeannie and Andy McGregor are the proud and happy parents of bouncing Tessa Frances, who entered the world on 4 April at 8lb 13oz. Mother and baby are said to be 'absolutely fine', and a close family friend told Felix that Tessa was 'a very sleepy baby'.

The champagne corks have been popping at the news of a 'First Edition' for Imperial's Press Officer, Karen Peploe. Karen and partner Ian Parkes are, reportedly, full of the bloom of parenthood of Bruce William, born early last Thursday morning. Bruce, at 8lb 2oz, shares a birthday with Karen's friend and colleague Liz Carr, also of the Press Office. Karen and Bruce are both 'doing fine', gushed sources close to the happy mother, completely off the record and on an unattributable basis.



## Crossword

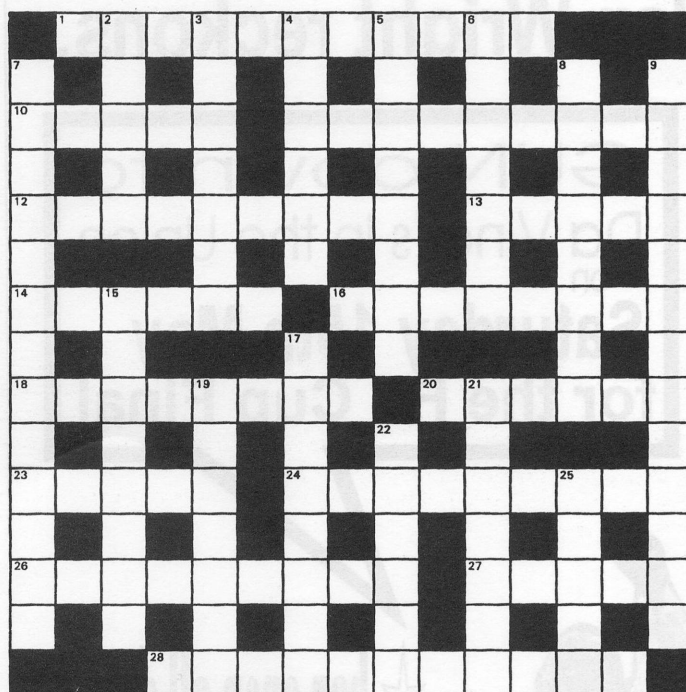
by Sphinx

### ACROSS

1. Separate some of the group (4,7)
10. Gas about zoo collapse in the north-east (5)
11. Sharp talker in Devon? (9)
12. Huge surfer! (5,4)
13. Its more pleasant right after French resort (5)
14. Judge in case of class essentials (6)
16. Unfortunately, I act a lot in this clothing (4,4)
18. Relax net going round the outside (8)
20. Sound, good looking old vehicle (6)
23. Rips and sheds them (5)
24. Roll ball after a plentiful supply (9)
26. A slob gets into trouble over donations (9)
27. No sign of Sharon's friend? (5)
28. Sell out of XX (6-5)

### DOWN

2. Steer clear of a hole (5)
3. Blooming climbing frame? (7)
4. Have a bad experience when you reload incorrectly (6)
5. Spare man cooked cheese (8)
6. Relatively small man lion mauled (7)
7. It makes it difficult to conceive (13)
8. Left us with many debts—and that's in good taste? (8)
9. Grumpy tells how to make a more malleable steel (5-8)
15. Greatly gratifies that fish-food goes up in exchange (8)
17. 100 at a search for a buried cemetery (8)
19. Right, one skinhead German chap is a dish (7)
21. He'll listen to you and examine your books (7)
22. Lets us get beaten up in a fight (6)
- 25 Closes in on Newtons hearing devices (5)



### Answers to last week's

Across: 1. Over the hill, 9. Jerusalem, 10. Shoot, 11. Carnal, 12. Attempts, 13. Stamen, 15. Problems, 18. In a state, 19. Severs, 21. Thespian, 23. Skater, 26. Guilt, 27. Get back at, 28. Pretentious.  
Down: 1. Objects, 2. Error, 3. Testament, 4. Eels, 5. Immature, 6. Lisle, 7. Mitosis, 8. Complete, 14. Academic, 16. Breakfast, 17. Strangle, 18. Integer, 20. Stratus, 22. Putup, 24. Tokyo, 25. Styte.



# The Ents Article - NOT!

Wow, and hello to you shiny happy people out there!! Stop!! Before you vanish into exam land to join the party poopers, the ever saucy Ents crew want to sizzle your brains with more rhythm-based madness.

This Friday, the Union building plays host to the world famous *Suedehead*, the only band to be described by NME as 'an ambient headcharge of frustrated easy listening'. Playing a blissed out fusion of burning dinner jazz with Mantovani-esque overtones, this beat combo have never shied away from publicity. The multi media coverage of their Vomit-o-thon for Children in Need, raised loads of wonga and the gorge of the ever-lovely Terrance of Wogan.

Serious Hat on, so listen up and pay attention at the back! The door price is £10 before 10 o'clock and £20 afterwards, so get there early because there is a strict no readmission policy so no sneaking out for a drink in Southside. Anyone smoking anything will have it confiscated so we get a load on

the cheap. You have been warned!!!

The bar opens with a new 'Harpy Hour' where we import the finest young ladies from Earl's Court Road to satiate the lusts of our handsome, but hormonally-challenged rugby team. Cheap drinks 'til ten too, so get there early and waste your grant cheque before the term has begun!!

Don't forget the regular Wednesday evening 'Lacklustre' disco. It's party time and it's totally free, well until we start charging for it anyway. Incidentally, what do we do with all that money you pay on Friday night to drink in your own bar? By the way, we had an excellent time on the Ents trip to France before Easter, just thought you would like to know.

Extra Ents Entertainments for later in the term include: Live Sex Show with the Whitechapel Housewives Dance troupe, Abracadabra, the last man on earth to pull a rabbit out of a hat for a living, Mutilation Xtravaganza, witness a live snuff movie recorded



in the Ents Lounge, starring Carnal Ken, Chopper Hamilton and Lydia 'Razorwire' O'Gore, come along and participate in sextorture and boardgames. Finally, Long John Macoute will be doing a live 'noughts and crosses' challenge in the Union Dining Hall, so you budding champions of 'noughts and crosses', pick up your biros, pick your noses, and get on down to the UDH!!

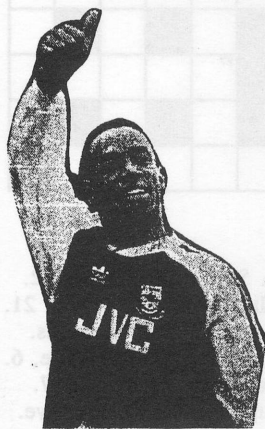
And that's it for another year for the sparsely-brained Ents collective, but we can't go without thanking a

couple of people: Mandy Hurford, for help and encouragement, Chris Davidson for understanding, Anyone wearing lycra who has made our days just that little bit brighter, Dominic Wilkinson who has always inspired us when we were down, been a shoulder to cry on, a helping hand through the stormy days and unstoppable force of inspiration. Finally a big thank you to anyone else who knows us, Bye, Bye!!!!!!

**BEEDAY and Care Bear**

## Ian Wright reckons..

**GUN down to  
Da Vinci's in the Union  
on  
Saturday 15th May  
for the FA Cup Final**



★ **bar open all day** ★

★ **Carlsberg at 98p a pint** ★

## Careers Info

Vacancies—don't worry if you were too late to apply for the Milk Round, we are writing to 1500 employers asking for details of their remaining vacancies and you should apply in May or June at the latest. Ask to see the Vacancy File in the Careers Office.

Careers Talks for Penultimate Years—There are two Careers Talks this week in LT213 Huxley (Clare Lecture Theatre) at 1.00 to 1.50pm. No booking necessary, just turn up: Tuesday 11th May—'Graduate Study in the USA' by Dr David Stuckey, a former US Scholar and now in Chemical Engineering. Thursday 13th May—'Introducing the Careers Service' by John Simpson, Director, IC Careers Service.

Penultimate Years—start thinking about your future now. If you don't know what you want to do, come

to the Careers Office and try PROSPECT—our computer careers guidance system.

Careers Seminars are being held each Wednesday afternoon from 2.00-4.00pm. Topics include Creative Job Hunting, Interview Technique and Career Planning for Penultimate Years. Sign up in the Careers Office.

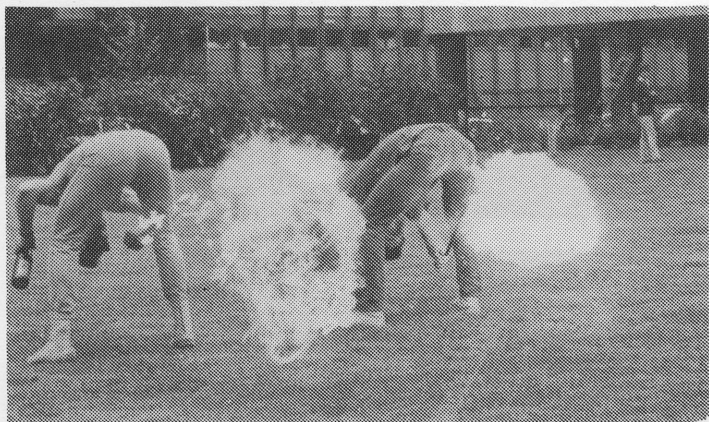
For further information come to the Careers Office, Room 310 Sheffield—open from 10am to 5.15pm Monday to Friday. A Duty Careers Adviser is available for quick queries from 1.00 to 2.00pm daily. You can also book a Short Appointment of 15 minutes between 2.00 and 4.00pm on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

## Lonely Hearts

Studious M W seeks hardworking voluptuous femme fatale for late night revision session.



# RAG FETE '93



On Wednesday Queen's Lawn will be transformed as never before. Attracting over twenty charities from all walks of life ICU RAG is proud to present its annual RAG FETE. Starting at 12 noon, you can bounce like a baby on Turning Point's Bouncy castle or through yourself at a wall on their Bar fly; you can zoom round the grounds on a 21 seater bike, drink yourself silly on free beer lucky dips and gin palaces, be an ace sniper on our

laser controlled firing range.....the events are endless. Extra free entertainment will be provided by IC Radio and live bands from Jazz and Rock Soc. Ice cream and candy floss will be available for your nourishment (well, we can't have you drinking FREE BEER on an empty stomach can we?). See the table below, or elsewhere on this page for a slightly more comprehensive indication of what's on.

Charity	Event	Charity	Event
John Grooms	Laser Shooting	Oxfam	21 Seater Bike
Turning Point	Bouncy Castle & Fly on Wall	ARMS	Wheelchair Racing
Fara	Gin Palace	Rainforest Foundation	Wildlife Road Show
Mencap	Jelly Dip	Sense	Face Painting
Leukaemia	Alcoholic's Roulette	Spastics	Cocktail Dash
RNIB	Candyfloss Machine	BIBIC	Jelly Race

**and many other  
Alcoholic Garden Fête Variations**

## GET STUFFED

You've just spent Wednesday afternoon (and most of your pitiful grant cheque!) on shooting a little target with a coloured light, jumping up and down on a rubber castle (makes a change!), or taking all your pent-up aggression out on somebody's old china. So now what? You need the perfect end to an almost perfect day - that little something to round it all off nicely - yes, you need RAG DINNER!

For the minimal fee of about £15, you can stuff yourself silly, whilst 'enjoying' the company of about forty other Raggies. I say forty, but numbers are increasing so rapidly, I'm sure that by the time I've

finished typing this, we'll be nearing triple figures (!!!).

Hmm, well, anyhow - if you fancy the prospect of getting all dressed up and having somewhere to go, don't come to the Rag Dinner - it traditionally ends in a foodfight...and as there is no gungewrestling at the Rag Fete this year, there'll be a lot of people desperate to get mucky. You have been warned! Rag Dinner will be held in the UDH, at around 8pm, after Rag Fete. To get your ticket, see Lorna in the Rag Office, or at today's meeting; but bring your chequebook, we need the money before Wednesday.

## CORRECTION

Sorry! My mistake! When desperately trying to recall 'platypus' last week, to fill up a spare patch on my very own Rag page (a whole page, just for me...that's more than Cats Eyes! Maybe the job of IAO is more important than I thought?), I didn't actually get it right.

The story should have run 'The fat cow was in the swimming hyphen pool, looking through the window at HIM. HE smelt like

jacuzzi, and a duck hyphen billed hyphen platypus. Horse nut bolt, so he had to go, in the nude, without any flumes.' Satisfied? And if it's still not right, then I'm afraid you can forget it, cos I'm not spending another week trying to explain to the uninitiated what the hell it's all about.

P.s. You still haven't all sent your money in yet! Repent now, or we shall start getting violent.

**Tamsin Braisher** Rag Internal Affairs Officer

**Confused?  
Unhappy?  
Worried?**

**Then come to  
RAG FETE  
Wednesday 12th May  
12pm  
Queen's Lawn**



# Are the Nerds next door?

*Can you picture a typical Imperial student? Jonty Beavan asks the opinions of Imperial students about this peculiar character*

The digital alarm goes off, slowly a rake-like figure rises from the narrow, duvet-covered bed. Climbing up he moves over to the sink and switches on the light above it. He winces, waiting for the glare to fade, he places his glasses on his malformed nose. The acne had flared up again overnight, but heroically, he scrapes the Bic razor across his chin, making manly scars out of pimples. When he has finished he clambers into the faded blue jeans and pulls on a heavy metal T-shirt. Opening the curtains he looks out across a waking campus; the day of a typical IC student has begun.

Is this really the case? Is every one at Imperial a poor excuse for a human being? The Students of St Mary's Hospital Medical School seem to think so: In the recent issue of their magazine 'Marmalade Sandwich' IC students were described as: trainspotters, unable to chat up girls and only interested in playing the recorder.

But what do we think of ourselves? Is this the image Imperial sees when it looks into its own navel? Armed with a badly functioning taperecorder and a list of questions, I roamed the JCR in search of the souls of our scientists. Admittedly I never expected anyone to confess to intimate knowledge of the 7.15 from London to Brighton, so I planned ahead. After asking how IC was perceived by those in its walls, I tossed in a couple of question to give you all a chance to show your worldly knowledge. Smugly superior? Me? Not a chance. A warning in advance: Due to the poor recording equipment and my lack of technical knowledge, spellings of names from now on become creative. I do apologise for any offence caused, none is intended.

After talking to several people, I discovered that I hadn't switched on my tape recorder. Studying science at IC doesn't count for that much. A few technical hiccups later Demi became my first 'on the record' victim. As a physics student she saw the general mass around her as hard-working and unconcerned by fashion. Her reason for coming to Imperial was the academic record and the credibility of the degree here. The last book she had read was *Swing Hammer Swing*, the latest Booker prize winner. A ludicrous number of people I spoke

to had seen the *Jungle Book* recently, but Demi was the first one to admit to it. If she could have anything of her heart's desire? A tent or a holiday was the best offer she could muster.

Next Sutatsam had a vivid picture of our average student: Jeans, Jacket, Specs and very studious because he is studying for exams all the time. Sutatsam's most recent read was a text book and he joined the crowd who had spent time watching the *Jungle Book* over Easter. If the world could offer him any richness, what would it be? Peace and quiet is his only need.

One feeling that emerged was that while other colleges looked up to us academically, we were social pariahs. Quite a few spods about, said Tom Halliwell; there are too many science students here. Richard Steeps saw the IC student as wearing a Parka coat, greasy black hair with ever present glasses. 'Spoddy wankers' was Bruce Patterson's description, he lives with friends from University College London and Kings College. 'Everybody hates us' he continued, but did he regret coming here? 'Yes I do actually', he muttered morosely.

It became clear that the decision to come to Imperial was a big issue among students, now they were here. The academic standing was the largest carrot hanging in front of prospective undergraduates. Another reason was to be in London; the bright lights had held an attraction for many. It had frequently been the deciding factor in the 'reputation' versus 'cost of living' debate that most A level students go through when applying to London University. Although, I only found one Oxbridge reject in the JCR, many, many more exist. I doubt if Imperial keeps records of those who choose the dreaming spires and were handed down to London, but I believe they would make interesting reading.

Strangely, many questioned the choice of studying at Imperial but few regretted it. While everyone admitted that the work-obsessed image of IC students was justified, not many wanted to leave. Noting the more positive sides of the IC stereotype, Jamie (name and department unknown) said students here worked very hard and were more highly motivated than at other



*Nerds R Us militia colleges.*

Those who did regret their choice appeared to be very bitter. Nadira Ali, who had just finished her exams, complained about the level of work. 'Sometimes they go over the top' she said, regretting that it was easy for some: very clever people don't need to work they just have it in them, but not me, she added. Luke from Management moaned about 'freaky geeky students', the reason he was studying here was as a victim of 'geekyness'. He wanted to be taught at the best place, academically, and now lamented it. 'My personality doesn't gel', was his attitude to how he fits in at Imperial.

The only one to quarrel with the academic reputation of IC was Caroline Mekesta. After negotiating an appearance fee for her comments on Imperial, she criticised the lack of attention given to undergraduates. 'If you ask them (Lecturers) a question, they just don't want to know'. Because college is too heavily geared towards postgraduates, the academic reputation wasn't justified, she concluded. She also had a clear vision of the typical IC student: White, drinks lots of beer, is in the Rugby team, has overgrown hair, but not as an

image, wears a heavy metal T shirt and doesn't know how to relate to women. Any one out there interested in a hate/hate relationship?

What of the dreams of those in the JCR? Being rich appeared a popular desire, but strangely happiness was also a frequent reply. Could it be that the age of peace and love is returning to student life? The other main wish was to get a good degree. Only a few stood out from the crowd, Bruce Patterson from Computing wanted a motor bike, his most recent reading material had been *On the Road* by Jack Kerouac, a connection perhaps? Most unusual of all, Julian, who declined to identify himself further, wished to be able to see into the future.

Maybe this is bad time to take the opinions of students, exams are looming, morale will be at a low. But I cannot ignore the feeling that the image of Imperial projected to those under its influence is not all it could be. Can it be that students when they come here are unhappy, but stick it out for the good of their careers? Maybe the unfortunate stereotype that we all recognise is necessary to preserve the intellectual standing of the College. But the fact remains, the IC student is here in our midst, and we are not entirely happy about it.



City and Guilds College Union

# ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

## Thursday 13th May 6pm in the Union Dining Hall

The following posts are to be elected

Shop Manager

Archivist

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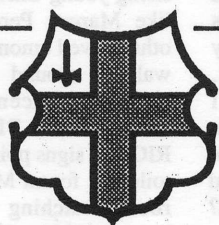
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## City & Guilds College Union



# Mary's from the inside

*A new initiate into St Mary's finds the truth behind the ancient medical school saying: Dulce et decorum est, pro medicia schola experimentus mori*

My first day at St Mary's passed in a blur of fleeting impressions. A tall dark fellow introduced himself to me with the words 'Good show old boy, the name's Bija; what do the chaps call you?'. He explained he was a Sri Lankan, where English teachers had been trained by the previous generation of British schools and so still taught 'King's English'. He pointed out a chestnut-haired lad known to everybody as the 'Crazy Git'. Unfortunately, Crazy Git wandered over next and stuck out a hand, saying 'Morton's the name, and womens my game.' We hastily got rid of him, and asked a passing Japanese student his name. 'Ah, Tetuso, that's what they call me. They call me that because it my name,' he grinned. A tall, thin, scruffy boy eating a malted loaf came up and offered us some. 'Hello' he said. 'I'm Adrain. I won the 'Nice Guy' Award of the Born-Again Communists, and I just want to tell you that some of my best friends are brown. He was followed by another thin lad wearing spectacles who asked 'Do you have 7 A's at A-Level? My name's Gordon.'

I was beginning to wonder if I was the only graduate around and started to ask if there were any others. One girl glared at me and grudgingly admitted 'yes' in a thick American accent. Her name was Marian.

We all soon found ourselves facing our first human dissections. I had expected the odd person to faint or feel sick, but instead we all started to hack and slash in a very businesslike manner. With only one 'corpse' per eight students, only two or three could mutilate away at any one time, leaving the others to wander around, ogling each other's dead bodies and talk. I encountered a vertically-challenged but determined girl engrossed in greasy human entrails. 'Hi' she said, looking up, 'my name's Elizabetamargueritasuzzannachristiana, but you can call Elizabetamarguerita. 'How about 'Elisa'? I suggested delicately. 'Oh alright, but let's face it, it's nowhere near as sophisticated and classically Italian is it?' she said, disappointed.

She was fascinated to learn of Bija's name. I joked 'it means man who walk tall behind elephant in face of big droppings.' 'Oh' replied the girl seriously. 'That's amazing even though it's not classically Italian.'

Our initial Physiology practical involved taking blood samples from each other. Demonstrators showed us how to locate veins, gently insert the needle of a syringe at an angle, and never to push in the plunger if the syringe contained air since the patients tended to die soon afterwards. I saw Morton sadistically lie 'Oops, accident, sorry,' while repeatedly ramming needles deep into Gordon's arm instead of blood sampling.

In our first lectures I was surprised to find a very friendly staff-Student Union relationship, since I had got used to a more distant form at Imperial where I couldn't actually recall ever seeing anybody from the SU. Afterwards, Morton came up to me in a friendly way, saying 'Hey, that'll make a great shoplifting bag, was great for stealing items off shelves. You won't believe how much you can walk away with,' he relished. I hurriedly left and went to the canteen—called 'Glady's' after the fiery little old battleaxe who ran it—and sat around talking with Bija and Tetuso, who was always keen to practice his English. 'I very impressed with Morton' he confessed. 'He use so much effort in swearing. In Japan is more efficient only say one bad word, but he use lots and lots.' He shook his head in awe.

Later that day I dropped into the student hall 'Nutford House' to see Bija. He was worried about his neighbour opposite. 'The old boy's plumb loco,' he whispered. We looked past Bija's open door towards his neighbour's who had hung a poster of a man being flayed alive by a tall demon outside his room, only to realise that he had slipped open his door slightly and was watching us through the crack.

The next morning I met Marian on the bus. 'I'm heavily into all this Medicine stuff,' she asserted. 'The fact I did a Physics degree instead has nothing to do with it,' she added

hastily. 'Only a *Republican* would even think such nasty thoughts like that.'

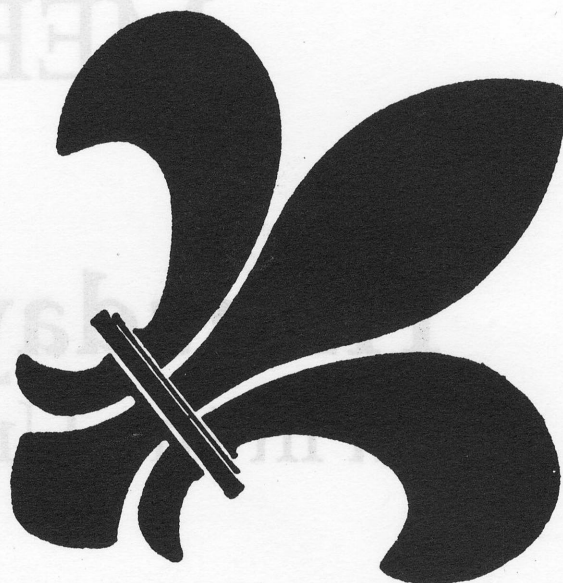
Our Medical Statistics lecture was in the mysterious Cockburn Theatre, and I tried asking a couple of nurses for directions. Except Morton came up, flung an arm around their necks and whispered 'Hi babes. Let's go make babies.' They gave him nasty looks and left, leaving him bewildered. Luckily, Gordon was nearby. 'It's up in the hospital. I don't wish to brag but I did rather well at school' he said. 'F\*\*\* me!' said Morton as we entered. 'All these white walls! Someone get me a spraycan!'

To my dismay, my pen dried up halfway through the lecture. I leant over and asked Morton if he had a spare pen I could borrow. He flipped one over. At the end of the lecture Morton turned and demanded £1 for borrowing his pen. 'You can have it back, I only needed it for the lecture,' I said, scandalised. But he insisted, and I found myself forking out the cash, while he smirked. 'Golly, that person sure use long words,' said Tetsuo. 'What that last word mean? The long one—yep?' He suddenly frowned, looked through his bag and realised he had forgotten to bring in his practical file. He moaned 'Oh shit, I'm dead!' looked

furtively around to check nobody was watching, then started banging his head against the desk. I hurriedly tried to stop him as he was damaging the surface of the bench.

A little later I met Stephen, a friend from Imperial who had dropped over from his 4-year 'Applied Biology' degree. We sat in the library balcony, talking. A boy named Syd Masam came up grinning, said 'Call me Mazza' and walked away, guffawing. We stared after him for a moment, then I went on to expalin to Stephen how the work was a lot more interesting than Physical Biochemistry, but the actual workload was very heavy.

Later that evening I dropped into the medical students' hall 'Wilson House', curious what Morton might get up to at night. I walked along the 'Corridor of Faith' where all the rising young Christian Union stars like Marcus Peron, Alician and others lived among lesser mortals, walking around the odd jar of burning incense and the 'ATHEISTS PLEASE TURN RIGHT' signs pointing towards the toilets. I found Morton in the TV room watching 'Casualty' for laughs, with a 'Heh heh heh' as each accident happened and the occasional 'Yes, yes, go on, stick your hand all the way in, you fool'. He started to tell me about how one





of his goals in life was a 'Quest for the Ultimate Lecture Notes', when suddenly Adrian burst into the room brandishing a garden water-pump and sprayed Morton with water. He stopped, thought a minute, and then sprayed me as well while he yelled something about 'equality for all!'

A furious water-fight then erupted in the corridors, revealing that everybody had equipped themselves with garden water-pumps. As we recuperated in Adrian's room over toasted malt loaf, a third-year student gingerly poked his head around the door saying 'I'm look for Marcus Peron as he's wanted on the phone.' 'Did you say Marcus Peron, comrade?' said Adrian helpfully, standing up. 'Yeah, that's right,' said the third-year. Adrian thought carefully and said 'Well, it ain't me,' and sat down again. 'Nor me!' 'Or me!'

Next morning I met Marian on the bus again. 'Yo, mama!' she called out when she saw me. We started talking about an action film that had been on TV last night. 'Cheapskate' she sniffed. 'Why, they had the kinda guns you'd expect to find in the locker of your average American high-school kid.' She started slipping into her deeper Southern drawl. 'And that hero—the guy's a wimp! In fact, he was so sick he makes me sick,' she growled, flexing her biceps. 'Oh' I said carefully, 'that's pretty sick.'

The weeks seemed to flash by. During one Physiology practical, we were all split into little groups studying the effects of exercise. Bija was acting as the test-subject for Tetsuo's group and, perhaps overexercising, suddenly collapsed. His heart rate and blood pressures all dropped through the floor. Tetsuo was fascinated and kept carefully recording the changes. Only when the neighbouring table noticed the prone form was any assistance given. As we sat in 'Gladys's' afterwards, Bija was still embarrassed about the event. Marian slapped him consolingly on the shoulder and drawled 'I did just the same when I was on 'crack' to get over my PMT. Cheer up, it could've been worse; why, you might have been born a Republican.'

One evening I saw an accident—a young man was knocked down by a car. I stopped to offer help, but passers-by had already called an ambulance. I told the guys about it the next day. 'Maimed?' Morton asked hopefully.

Our lecture schedule was timed so we had our 'Sexual Reproduction' lectures on Valentines day. That weekend we had our First Aid course with Morton gleefully finding all the

ways people can die 'or be crippled for life, like, wow!'

After lectures on Monday, I relaxed in the hospital coffee shop with Tetsuo and Bija. Tetsuo had been describing the new generation of Japanese cars. 'You know, if I could have any car at all,' I said dreamily, 'it would be a huge Range-Rover with massive wheels.' 'Really?' said Bija. 'That's jolly interesting. Did you know the bigger a car somebody has, the supposedly smaller their brain capacity is?' 'But then again, Mini's also have a certain something, don't you think?' I asked. Tetsuo started talking about how helpful London people were. 'I got lost looking for Japanese friends flat,' he confessed

'imagine it's a row of goblins, guys, and you're lobbing a fireball' while we played. He'd murmured mystic chants each time before he'd bowled, which he had learned from the 'Necromicon' and the '20th-Century Guide for Modern Witches'. He still lost.

We struggled through a confusing Anatomy lecture the following morning. After it finished I found myself talking to Julian, a boy who had been gifted with two modes of speech—gently sarcastic, and complaining. 'Ah, you shop at 'Topman's', said Julian, wisely. Gordon said 'I'm going to write some poetry about meaningful relationships now.' Adrian loped up, eating a malted loaf, and was

consisted of breaking into her flat in the 'Corridor of Faith', ransacking her wardrobe, and selling her clothes to shoppers at Covent Gardens. Exasperated, I got rid of Morton by saying 'Look, something with a skirt and two legs just walked around the corner,'—he was off in a flash.

Later that day, Marian asked if she could borrow my set of 'Cell Biology' notes. I asked apologetically if she might return them before the weekend as I was planning to go over them then. 'Yeah, of course', she drawled. 'Here, read-my-lips I promise I will.'

**More medical mayhem next week.**



and 'kind man only balcony shout down instructions.' He grinned self-consciously and said 'Problem is I not understand them! My English not so good.' He frowned and asked 'What Bugger off and Go home Chink mean?'

Leaving the hospital, I witnessed Morton going up to a group of tired nurses who had just finished their shifts, and trying 'Hi babes. Come here often?'

In our Anatomy Dissections we had now reached our corpse's hand. 'Call-me-Mazza'-Syd gleefully snipped about at its fingers, and we found that by pulling tendons in the wrist we could make the dead man's fingers move and close and open. It was eerie, I thought, while Syd cracked a few jokes and guffawed. That night I went bowling with Stephen and David, another old friend from Imperial. For several years now, Dave had been very keen on 'Role-Playing-Games'. Dressed in his 'Flower-Power' T-shirt, he kept exhorting us to

genially curious. 'About what?' he asked, amiably. 'Never mind, just a comment beyond your education and/or intelligence', dismissed Gordon as he left. 'Okay' agreed Adrian good-naturedly. 'How about buying a copy of 'Socialist Worker' instead?'

'Oh, by the way, Adrian,' remarked Morton. 'You owe me £2 for giving in your practical write-up together with mine.' Adrian protested mildly and I left them arguing. In the coffee-shop I met Bija and Tetsuo. Tetsuo was wondering about London life again. 'I see many men hang about outside gent's toilet last night' he explained. 'Why they not go in? I ask one man that. He give me strange look. Think he be falling down—he put hand on my arm.' A chuckling Morton came up at this point and hissed to me that he had a plan to make money out of Alicia. Alicia was a pleasant girl who sometimes came in wearing very trendy and exotic clothes. Morton's plan

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# There's gonna be a revolution

**Hans Crockett joins Che Guevara, Mao Tse Tung and Vladimir Ilyich in trying to overthrow the established order. His Long March starts with a search for a publication known as the Anarchist Cookbook.**

I first heard of the *Anarchist Cookbook* from two friends of mine studying at Princeton (USA).

I'd been going on about psychedelics, the right to internal freedom and exploration of expanded consciousness after having read *The Politics of Ecstasy* by Timothy Leary, figurehead of psychedelic pioneering from the Harvard academic world of the 60s.

Lenny said 'Man, you should read this book there is in the USA: it tells you how to make LSD with banana skins—and it's banned!'

With banana skins? No way, I thought. Lenny hasn't got his hippy facts quite right. Anyway, there must be *something* in that book for it to be banned. Censorship paranoia is idiotic, not blind.

Then Mike further aroused my interest by adding, in his usual detached manner: My roommate

has got it. It also tells you how to make bombs.'

Hell. This is beginning to sound interesting. I extracted some approximate title from them, gathering the book seemed available only on mail-order.

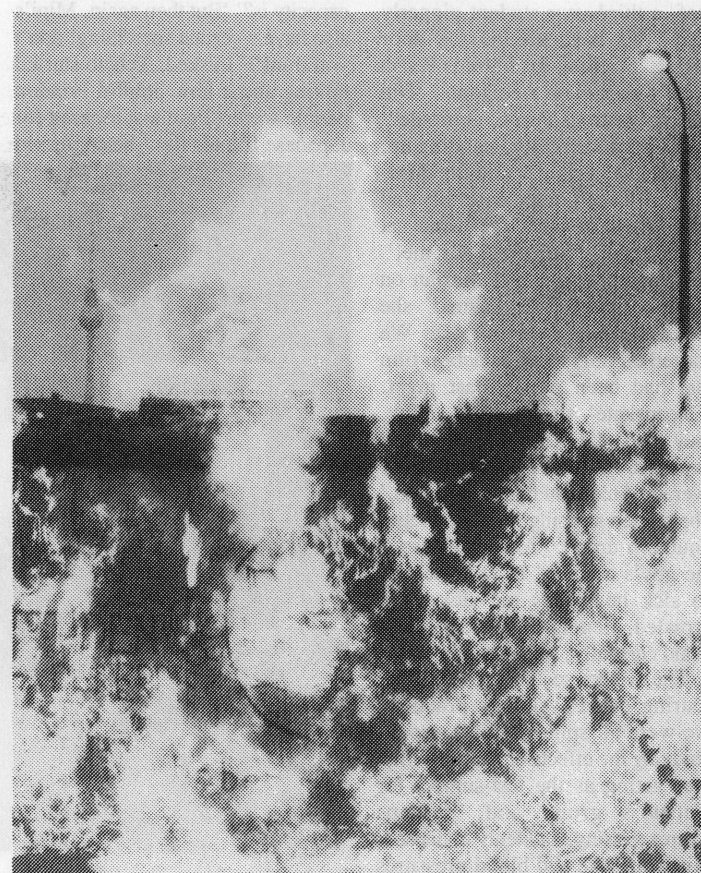
'Can you get me photocopies?' I asked.

'Yeah sure' replied Mike, instantly forgetting.

I tried reminding the dudes several times over my last postcards, then gave up.

Recently, while zapping channels on some unlicensed TV some resident on holidays had left in my room, I fell upon one of these daytime TV police stories (the 'true story!' type), about this psycho rapist it had taken ages to corner.

He kept coming up with alibis and his calm was intimidating a few officers.



The fires of revolution burning yesterday

## 10 Revolutionary Quotes

'The revolutionary reaches beyond dissent to nihilism and anarchy'—Mayor John V. Lindsay

'Freedom will cure most things'—A.S. Neil, Summerhill

'The only laws I respect are the ones which make old men and women warmer in winter, children happier in summer and beer stronger'—Brenden Behan, Borstel Bay

'Treat any and all drugs with respect, for most of the time they are stronger than you are'—William Powell, *The Anarchist Cookbook*

'This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing Government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it'—Abraham Lincoln

'An indispensable preliminary to battle is to attack the mind of the enemy, to undermine the will to fight so that the result of the battle is decided before the fighting begins. The revolutionary army attacks an irresolute and demoralised army'—Nkrumah, *Handbook of Revolutionary Warfare*

'I despise you. I despise your order, your false-propped authority. Hang me for it!'—Louis Lingg, 1898.

'It is not a matter of being compelled to break eggs before an omelet can be made, but the eggs doing their own breaking in order to be able to aspire to omelethood'—Sufi

'It is criminal to teach a man not to defend himself when he is the constant victim of brutal attacks'—Malcolm X

'The most heroic word in all languages is Revolution'—Eugene Debs

One clue they had found in his house was (Hallelujah!) the infamous black-covered *Anarchist Cookbook*. Full screen shot. Wow! This guy must be a psycho if he reads this stuff! Unusual weapons were found strewn about several rooms. We must show the world these people connect to an underworld of mentally deranged social outcasts who share literature that's bad for your kids—here's a sample on TV.

I now had a clue that mail-order in the USA may not be the only way of getting my hands on this book. How about trying Waterstones in High Street Ken?

A really pleasant young lady informed me they were out of stock, but I could try Oxford Street. The next day I went. There are so many bookstores up there, I decided to look for more 'corrupting' Leary books as well.

Well, the name 'Timothy Leary' really earned me some strange reactions. Silent shaking heads with eyes staring at the floor were the least polite, 'No' without further comment the average and 'Sorry. None at the moment. But you've come to the right place'. The best, with an extra nice knowing smile, up some dark corner of the third floor of Foyles in the 'Occultism/Mysticism' part, by the 'I was on Venus' books. An arts-student-looking young lady again.

'Books Etc...' sent me to the same type of section, next to 'Voodoo spells' or 'the end of the world is at 4.37am on the first Friday of the year of the rat as revealed to me in my shower by the astral body of my cat'. No Leary books there. I was disappointed when the chaotic dusty secondhand bookstores didn't help either.

Finally, a self-righteous puritan-

looking 'miss' at Waterstones (what a sadistic pleasure to ask her!) sent me up to the second or third floor of one of their buildings, passing 'Gay and Lesbian Christian prayer books' on the way up.

There the black Anarchist trophy awaited me, this time a cool dude behind it, joking about how it could be sold in USA now it had a disclaimer of intention on the back. I was to find *Flashbacks*, Tim Leary's autobiography, back at the High Street Ken branch.

Well, the Cookbook was well worth its £17.99.

Chapters on Drugs, Weapons, Electronic Devices and explosives! How to synthesise DMT ('businessmen's LSD', so nicknamed because of its powerful effects that last the time of the lunchbreak) in the kitchen, tripping on legal substances such as nutmeg (60p at Sainsbury's) or Morning Glory seeds (about £1 a pack of 60 in garden centres) or using cactus buttons, mushrooms, strange vines, smoking peanut skins or toad skins etc...For equipped chemistry labs, details on how to make LSD, psilocyn or psilocybin are included.

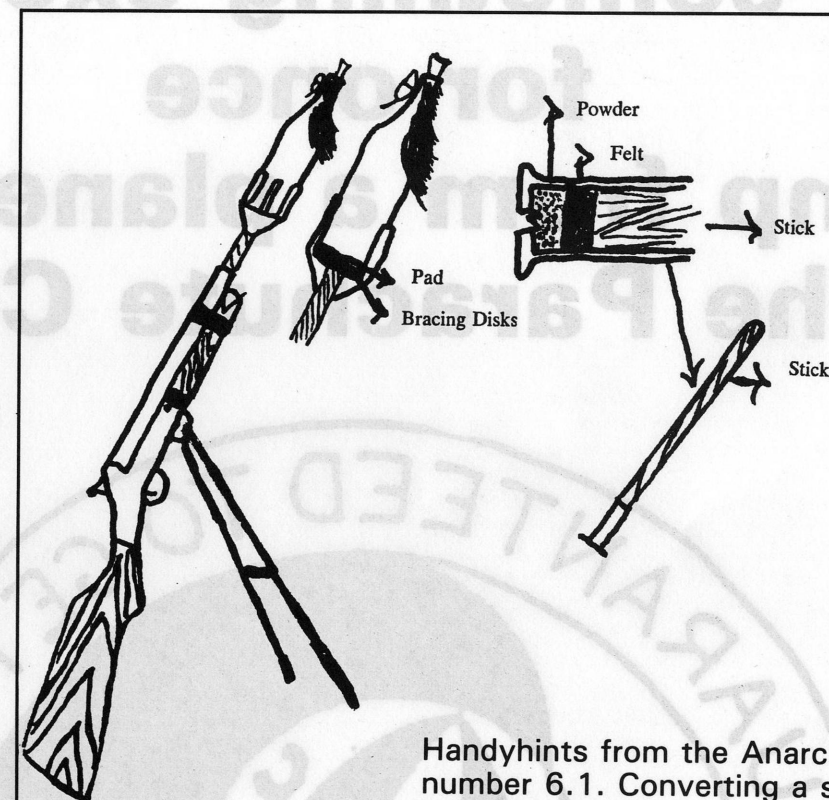
The Weapons part is especially valid for USA, since firearms are so readily available there—building silencers or converting machine guns to grenade launchers are some examples given. A large variety of hand weapons is also covered, along with tips for street fighting.

Scramblers, jammers and various detectors or spying devices are covered in the electronics section.

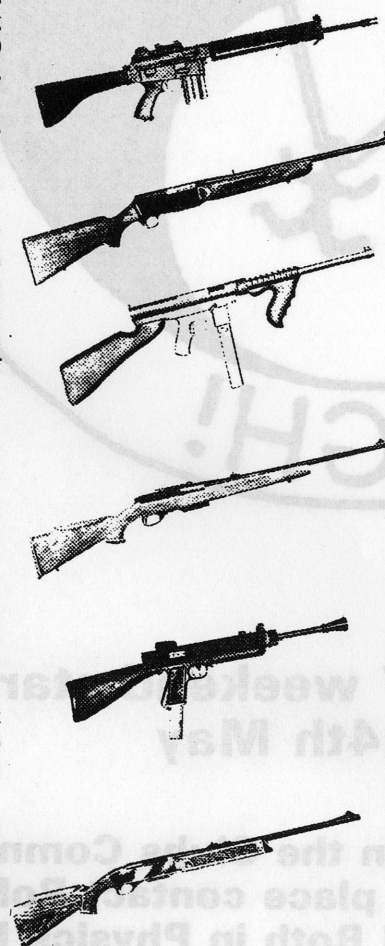
The part on explosives is quite complete, covering from grenades, Molotov cocktail, nitroglycerin or black powder synthesis to booby traps, mines, road traps, door traps etc...telling you how to make each one.

For the more intellectual ones out there, a preface gives a good intro on anarchism today, its messages and its goals.

The author claims the book is intended for 'squares' who don't understand anarchism or know IRA techniques. That's probably why they disapprove of other people reading it!



Handyhints from the Anarchist Cookbook number 6.1. Converting a shotgun into a grenade launcher.



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# **Do something exciting for once Jump from a plane with The Parachute Club**



**Final beginners' weekend starts  
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at 1.00pm, but to ensure a place contact Rob Jones or  
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# Stones from heaven

They fall like stones from the sky. Well maybe not stones. Stones have such an unexciting sound to them. They possess more shape than stones, you can see them as they fall. Twisting 360 degrees right, gracefully done. There is, though, something very basic about it that makes me think of stones. How low they come. Almost as if they don't intend to open their chutes at all. Can you reach out and touch them? Their parachutes open. They are decelerated and are drawn upright. Now instead of falling they glide, still gracefully.

Through a pair of binoculars I can see closer their form. Actual humans. Arms and legs. That one was unstable as he opened, twisting and turning. It always instils me with such an urge. The need for excitement. The desire to do something to destory the London pollution that creeps within us all.

On the Sunday as we were returning from Scotland in the minibus, someone asked me why I had continued to parachute after my first jump. He was sitting opposite me. He annoyed me somewhat. One of those people who can't stop talking, and he was very arrogant with it too. He also asked me, after about an hour of our nine hour journey, if I ever smiled. No, I replied, grinning.

It had been a very full weekend. Arriving late Friday evening. Setting up tents in the rain and the dark with only one torch between the ten of us. One of those pen torches. You know the type. Free form Nat West it was. It reminded me of my first, and only, digital watch. It had a light that was so weak that it would only show the minutes. Not the hours.

Well, I received no sleep that night, nor the preceding Saturday night. I was so cold. The Scottish weather system. It's not a mystery

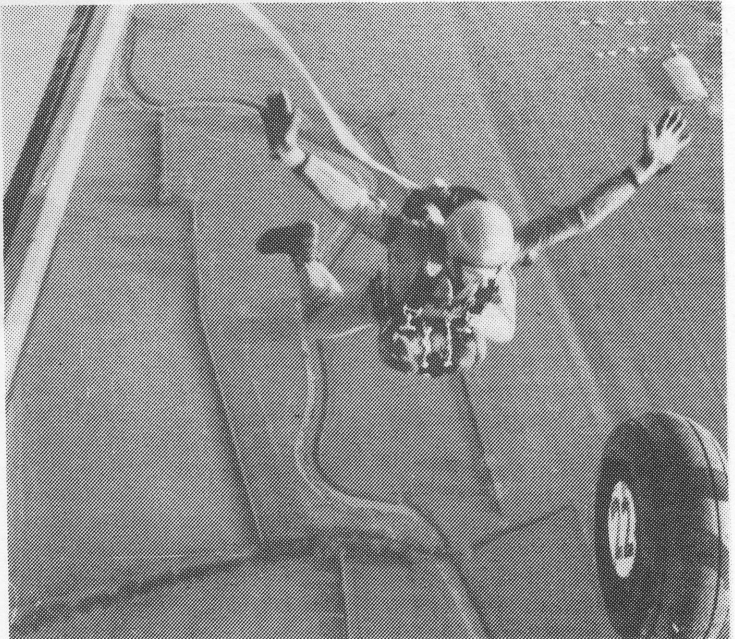
to me. How can anything that is so predictable be a mystery to anybody? Scotland is great like that. Some places you go to the weather can either make or break your stay. Somewhere like Spain. Not Scotland though. In Scotland it makes your stay. I haven't stopped talking about it.

I think the only reason that I didn't freeze at night was the fact that my circulation was kept going by my jaw, telling anything that would listen that I hated myself for making myself do something I didn't really want to do. Like sleep in a tent with all my clothes on, unable to curl up into a ball because the damn tent is so small, and will the bloody thing stay up anyway? It fluttered around an awful lot. I'm sure it shouldn't do that.

That was the answer I gave to that guy on the bus. About the first jump and all. I was already annoyed at him for noticing that I hadn't smiled in an hour. Do you not go an hour without smiling? I wondered. No, you don't, do you? I saw his arrogant grinning face.

I get pensive on long journeys. I like to watch the country roll past. In the dark? Admittedly, yet it was dark! But in the dark it is so much more exciting. You stare, and you stare. Nothing at first. But you also listen to the sound of travel. And then all of a sudden you see what you want to see from the bus.

Straight from your mind. Thoughts that are you. Memories. That's nice I think. Like the lyrics to a song which you can't understand. You begin to hear them say what you want them to say. Something you can relate to. Something that has happened to you. Then, hey they're singing about me! I really know this song. If you find out what they're really saying, it's disappointing. It's another love song. It happened to



someone else.

He sat in there grinning, anyway. Oblivious to the sound of travel. Why did you do more than one jump? He repeated. He'd asked everyone else already. I get a kick from making myself do something that I don't really want to do. I replied. It was the first thing that had entered my head, although I had all too often asked myself the same question.

Waiting to get into the plane earlier that day at Strathallan airfield is a good example. I was bloody scared, I suppose, is a good way of summing up how I felt. Perhaps it was to do with fact that I was about to jump out of a plane with a parachute that I had packed for myself not half an hour ago. How safe I shall feel, I thought. When I sit on the edge of the plane, legs blown sideways by the cool air. Then when I did sit hanging out of the plane, it really struck me. You're going to jump out of a plane with a parachute you packed

yourself? Jesus! I could see the epitaph right then. Chisselled into crumbling green rock years in the future. A child reads it, as you do. Here lies Rob Jones. You know, he couldn't even pack his lunch box without crushing the Blue Riband?

But it was a familiar feeling. And dealing with it really gives me a buzz. The adrenalin courses through your veins. You become very single-minded.

You see that big yellow cross out there? I pointed at the target 2000ft below us and half a mile away. Contained perfectly by the beautiful Scottish highlands. Yeah. The jump master yelled above the noise of the single engine. That's where you'll see me land. That's where I'll be when I hit the ground!

I missed of course. But that is how you become after your first jump. It's not like any other sport I know. You are left in awe by the fear you have felt and what you have achieved.

## Singles

Next Thursday FilmSoc proudly presents 'Singles', our first film in our new home which is the Union Concert Hall. Bridget Fonda, Matt Dillon, and Campbell Scott all appear in this good-natured and humourous study of six friends in the chick centre of Seattle. All the main stars give winning performances as hopeful twentysomethings exploring the

singles scene, searching for love and all that comes with it. Comic moments abound in this interesting movie, divided into witty chapters, each with a title such as 'Have fun, stay single', by director Cameron Crowe, himself described as a combination of Woody Allen and John Hughes. Everyone that has seen this film mentions the excellent Seattle Grunge soundtrack, which

on its own makes the film worth seeing! 'Singles' was not marketed at the movies in a massive way that most films are, but it proved very popular, so if you missed it in January, now is your chance to put the record straight. Watch out for a cameo appearance by Tim Burton, and we'll see you there!

Don't forget, we have moved home from Mech Eng 220 to the better Union Concert Hall, courtesy of a strangely helpful sabbatical and our acquisition of an excellent new

screen. So not only can you expect our presentation quality to have dramatically improved, but now you can enjoy a drink or snack from Da Vinci's at the same time. Doors open at 7.15pm and the film will start at 7.30pm as usual. Everyone is welcome, admission is only £1.90, and members get in for 90p as usual. Come and check us out! Next week: 'White Men Can't Jump!'.



## Singles

### School of Fish —Half a Believer

*School of Fish*; a brave, but slippery double pun, referring to either: wide-eyed, open-mouthed schoolkids epitomising the neo-Blank Generation, as a result of the proliferation of Nintendos; a group of our scaled friends studying in the name of Shakespeare and Pythagoras; or more simply, a shoal of fish. The other possibility isn't worth contemplating as it's the most ridiculous. Either way, *SOF* may be a bunch of ignorant imbeciles in which case they've wasted my time (and yours).

On the title track, the singer has a Mick Jagger drawl, dog-gone dirty and very rock 'n' roll. 'Half a Believer' presumably highlights the naked truth behind normally apathetic wannabees, and inhabits that vulnerable area between corp

### POWER OF DREAMS- Cathy's World

#### Dear Music Editor

If you have a drastic, dire need for a space filler on your pages then print this review. However, if you can put your hands on a 1950 excerpt from *Angling Times*, a photo of Donny Osmond on *Top of The Pops*, a doodle done by a first year physicist in a lecture, a till receipt from Sainsbury's, a leaflet by the Islamic Society, or indeed any other such item of equal moral, mental or social significance, then please do not hesitate to print that instead. For I can say in all honesty, hand on heart, and trying desperately not to use expletives, that this 4 track C.D., is truly worthless.

#### Darwen

● (why, thank you, dear child; if I didn't know you already, I would want to know you all the more - sic Ed)

### TV Eye—Killer Fly

From the fragments of *Eat* came *TV Eye*, a band firmly hanging out in the bleak hinterland of grimy swirling nihilism. The sort of place where everyone wears black. The guitars are hypnotic, a gentle buzz into your soul, or whatever we've put there now.

'Killer Fly' would sit comfortably in *Blade Runner*; the security camera pans voyeuristically, bromine dripping from the lens. Have you seen the future Trash People?

Tintin.



*School of fish: I'm sure they're nice blokes but they look like gets.*

and alternative rock. The rest swings to the former and is just mundane—not because it is particularly corp, just unmoving. Dare I say 'grunge'.

'Free up those little fenced boundaries', is the pleading claim on the white label about our inherent reservations, but this is asking too much considering it is

### Kingmaker: 10 Years Asleep E.P.

Back in the halcyon, salad days of 1991, *Kingmaker* were more solid than an 8- kebab-induced colonic blockage. Indeed, I remember a gig at the Richmond where the ceiling fell in on the bar below, and the PA speakers had to be physically held up - such was the whirligig induced by then youthful and shy Mr Hardy (what? - sic. Ed).

Unfortunately, since their audience was unceremoniously hijacked by Suede, *Kingmaker* have achieved naught but the crawl up their own arses in an attempt at re-invention. '10 Years Asleep' is not the atrocity certain pundits say it is,

### Aon—Quiet Joys

Imagine a group who attempt to combine the ambience of *Clannad* with the 'contemplative-meditation-to-a-beat' of *Enigma*, with a liberal sprinkling of pop sensibilities, then imagine putting this on your player and very quickly becoming bored out of your skull. Enough said.

#### AL

No..No..It's hideous! You can't make me say that ... It's a wicked use of blank space..Oh go on then..Fanny Rags.

### This Picture—Highrise

Jingle jangle, guitar based indie music can be a straight if muddy ditch. *This Picture* are splashing around, making steady process to be sure, but they end up sounding like *The 4 Of Us*. That may be a compliment, but only if you like *The 4 Of Us*. Easy, huh.

#### Tintin.

● Released on Dedicated.

not justified musically. Despite being overseen by a bloke who has previously produced the *Replacements* and *Faith No More*.

Sitting on the fence, I only half believe *SOF*, and frankly I don't care either way. So to your petty request, fuck you, I won't do what you tell me.

Lucas.

and as with the last single it is saved by its flip side. 'I'm in Love' is a corker, but not a patch on 'Little Miss Kingmaker' or 'Wonderful Garden'.

What is sad, is that if the album bombs, *Chrysalis* will drop them like shit off the proverbial shovel (oh, fuckin' tragic - sic. Ed) and I'll probably be buying my drip-dry nylon camisoles from Loz Hardy in BHS..... Ah! Such is exile.

#### Glyph Mac.

● Out now on *Chrysalis*. No surprise there. They are undoubtedly appearing somewhere in concert soon, too, as bands tend to do that sort of thing. Don't know where, though. Just you keep your eyes open...

Hi I'm Rufus, and I'm a bit of blank space using the opportunity to express myself. What I want to know is...

### Lovecraft: Medicine E.P.

And now, sweethearts, a serious message to those who will come after we're all gone; take heed my words and apply caution, for should you ever encounter the word 'anthemic' in pop circulars, be assured that this adjective refers to (and I cite God's own laws here) 'a portentous slab of blustery clump rock with a rubble-rouser chorus'. It's used here. *Lovecraft* don't use guitars; they've got Messerschmitts, and basslines that come from Junkers burning out of the sky.

Well, that's a fib if ever I wrote one, and suggests that there may well be more porkies on the way, tinged with a soupcon of merriment

### Blind Melon —A Slice Of Melon

It seems that to be a muso journalist, you have to totally slam a band with your cynical wit or praise them with serious overuse of adjectives, but *Blind Melon* are neither brilliant nor bland enough to inspire either sentiment. With their funky baseline and widely influenced style, they are however quite original and there are definite signs of musicianship. The songs have promising tunes, but don't seem to fulfil their potential, although the 'B sides' of the CD are more impressionable. *Blind Melon* lack that certain something that makes you want to convert your friends to the cause, but watch out for them in the future.

To summarise:

*Blind Melon* are not dead crap But they minorly smell of poo and wee

Maybe that's a bit harsh

They are 'smart' musicians

But they lack that certain something to make them 'insatiable' T&L, GDFC.

### The Ribbon Tears—Carnival Round Face

Scene One: Picture a band, three fresh-faced lads from Nottingham, playing energetic bouncy pop.

Scene Two: Imagine a single called 'Carnival Round Face', a black round disc no less.

Scene Three: Listen to the aforementioned single and remember that to be young is to have fun.

Scene Four: Read review which says you might enjoy this band live (but probably not dead).

My name's William, play on Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Tintin.

● Released on Goldfish Records.

...Are there any female bits of blank space out there, into macramé and Richard Stilgoe. Fun evenings, discretion assured etc...

to make you think I have charm, etc... This is not sub-Bikini Kill rot-gril fare, 'Jilly Cooper's Riders' is not a load of sweaty hog bollocks, the 'recovery' is entirely due to Norman Lamont's fiscal policy, and T & L, GDFC did not write the shittiest review in the history of the Universe.

Naaaaa....

#### Donny.

● Out now on Godknowswhothefuck. No, but really, they're available on Lemon Records. They were going to tour, but this is very past tense now, as we didn't get the info until the tour had finished. Clever bastards. Not that we wanted to go anyway.



# Albums

## Mega City 4—Magic Bullets

The balance between lyrics and melodies is a delicate one at the best of times, but when even the arch-wordsmith Bob Dylan produces 'A Froggy Went A-Courting', you know something is amiss in the world we call popular music. Still on 'Magic Bullets' MC4 do their best to redress the Emperor in presentable garb. No messing about with tree feeding or spilling coffee over Zurich here; this is standard MC4 fare the personal stuff which is the poetry of our generation. It's unfortunate then that you have to buy the album to get the wordsheet.

In strides the Emperor, proud of his new found attire. Bold he approaches his willing subjects. Alas without belt or braces his final embarrassment is even more acute when his trousers end up round his ankles. As a great man didn't say, 'function follows form'. Such is the case in 'Magic Bullets' as the songs are just not up to the words, with 'Greener' and 'Perfect Circle' being bad examples. Great words, shame

about the face. When it does all come together as in 'Wallflower', 'Toys' and 'Speck' you get an idea of how it could be. 'Speck's' wistful and almost folkish background melts into the harmony vocals and just lets Wizz tell us about getting

old. Then the album ends and I feel cheated. The best song on last. In his own words 'If only life was fair.'

**Tintin.**

●Released May 10th on Big Life.



*The Fall: Couldn't you find an older photo? Two of these guys are dead now.*

## The Fall: The Infotainment Scan

Down in the sweaty bowels of journo-land, us hacks prepare for such moments as this by curling our lips, adding the suffix 'ah' to the end of every word, and smoking lots. Uh-huh, uh-huh, here-ah we go-ah; We're lost-ah in music-ah.

Another Fall album, after the massive 'Code: Selfish', here again, spitting out Mark E Smith's mouthy humour to proliferate across the earth (geddit-ah?) in ever-more accessible ways. For instance, Sister Sledge's 'Lost In Music' is given the unique 'Fall-do-a-cover' treatment, and the little pretty press

darlings themselves come under Smithy's lush and pithy scrutiny in 'Glam Racket': 'You are entrenched-ah in Suede-ah'. Can't you just see Brett and Bernard soaking up their perfect tears with their silk hankies?

And that's not all, poppets, for this immeasurably treasurable album has more super lip-smackers than a whole factory's worth of chocolate willies; 'Why are People Grudgeful?', 'The League of Bald-Headed Men', 'I'm Going to Spain' and the delightful 'It's a Curse', a boot-print on the arse of nostalgic (or anally retentive) seventies twats, with lines like 'Vimto and Spangles were crap', and god, yes! they're right! You'd get red rim stains at the corners of your mouth from vimto, and spangles were instrumental in the redundancy of the late great boiled sweet. Yep, the sour old bastard has still got his finger on the pulse; and more than ever, the Fall are looking like the saviours of pop as an artform by their very artlessness. Bloody magnificent.

**Donny O'Nonchalant**

●Out now on Permanent. Kind of ironic, that. 'Permanent'. The Fall also play the Grand at Clapham Junction on 15 & 16 May.

## P J Harvey: Rid of Me

Balls to the wall, sisters, lest they be clipped off like corpsing shrubs by the dirty secateurs of a girl imagining she possesses a dick to use them on. 'Rid of Me' is firstly a masterpiece of marketing for left-handed people (of all kinds), and being of sinister leanings myself, I'm happy about this. Secondly, 'Rid of Me' is a hugely powerful record, the like of which hasn't been seen since last year's debut 'Dry', and thirdly, I'm kind of amused by the effect she has on men.

The title-track sets the mood, veering from affected calm to explosive, and catching the listener in mid-breath as the words 'lick my legs, I'm on fire' are screeched in the background; the stringed-up 'Man-size sextet' is one of the scariest songs I've ever heard, I even looked in the fridge to see if my spine was in there (Actually, that's a lie, but 'Man-size sextet' is a real chilly song). Bobby D's 'Highway 61 revisited' and the single '50 ft Queenie' are positive light relief after that. 'Rid of Me' has thus far exposed more of those delicate little prejudices the music media has painted on the front of its nylon knickers. Sex sells records, right? *Right*. How many people confuse desirability with

respectability? *Not many*. Are all pop stars then, tarts of a cheap and dirty kind? *Well, some are slightly shop-soiled...* Notable exceptions? *Hmm, difficult one, that; Sinead, I suppose...* So Sinead hasn't been exploited for so many tabloid column inches? *Aha....*

Ok, so Sinead shaves her head, and screams, and rants and rails; hey presto! one hundred thousand men stand up, open their arms and think 'She's saying 'please understand me''. Polly Harvey looks like a grubby-faced orphan-child straight from the pages of Dickens, sings nasty noisy songs about being hurt, being fucked, and wordlessly suggests how probable it is that both will occur at the same time. Yeah, she's a great female icon, a blackeyed anti-Madonna, and this is cool if you like your anti-social figureheads as obviously dirty as they can be, but what worries me is that I don't know if she reaches women with what she does; I would like to believe it were so, but the only people I know really listening to PJ Harvey are lads, doing the voyeur thing that lads do, and dreaming of being humiliated by her. Ah, fuck it. Who am I to question the way things are.

'Tarzan, I'm pleading, stop your fucking screaming'- 'Me-Jane' If you hadn't guessed already,



*Polly Harvey: Knives out for the lads*

there's few things I find as sickening as the modern variation of the protective male, showered in cheap aftershave and facsimile sensitivity, nose anticipating the smells of woman, eyes examining the swells beneath the jumper. Polly Jean is looking for that kind of sympathy, too; she's sharpening the

spare on her castrate-o-matic just in case she finds it.

**'Katrice.**

●Out now on Island Records. This is the last warning we will give you, but P J Harvey play the London Forum on the 23rd & 24th May. Don't blame us if you can't get in.



# Fine young Carnival

*Good venue with excellent acoustics and cheap bar prices seeks decent sized, appreciative audience to enjoy themselves in. Likes Selector, Heartthrobs, Ariel, God's Zoo. One night only. Must have life.*



*Schwing: (Exclamation) Chiefly used by U.S. adolescents, to indicate babeosity*

## The Summer Swing Ding— ICU 30.4.93

Hello. It's another anonymously positive morning in that region known to its occupants as the 'world' (yes, it is a bit idiosyncratic, isn't it?), but for now, I'm a bit out of sorts. A sugary, sepia-tinged, and slightly bitten Granny Smiths sits on the desk in front, the cassette deck is feeding me *Curve* and *PJH* (curious, that - sic. Ed), and I'm struggling for the wit and succinctness that is the envy of, well, I know who it's the envy of even if you don't. Ha! Smug bastard, aren't I.

So my gambit fails, I stare out my own navel once more (I seem to be physically incapable of 'looking up my own arsehole' which, I believe, is a favoured expression in these esteemed pages), and decide to go for broke with this handsome-sized carnival review, though 'tis but a stripling as I write. Anyway, if you didn't see Friday night, it went something like this...

My good friend leaves his trusty camera in my less than trusty hands,

and two amiable pseudo-journo's stake their claim in similarly unreliable haircuts. To our dismay, there is already a distinct lack of hordes congregating outside the

only minutes away. The chap whose photos accompany this piece shows up before any of the bands begin, and I'm glad to be relieved of this extra artistic duty. He takes his



*The Heartthrobs: Unconventional use of microphones*

Quad. I dunno; 'Big gig. *Selector*. *Heartthrobs*. Couple of others. Only a fiver'. We gain the bar without difficulty, grateful for a few drinks before the inevitable packed to bursting scenario that's surely

camera back, and we three heroic types head towards the Ents Lounge for *God's Zoo*.

*God's Zoo* are fun, in a 'warm-up cabaret' sense. The singer, a silver-trousered ragamuffin, throws

out his arms, dances beyond the confines of the stage, spars with the audience, looking for all the world like James Brown thirty years ago playing a set with the *Chilli Peppers*. Lenny Kravitz rears his ugly head once or twice, but the few exasperated comments the singer fires at the audience who are, quite obviously, too scared to move in case they fall over, punctuate their performance with charm. A good set, and a good start.

The crowd is beginning to grow at this point, but not as fast as one expected. It is also around this time that ugly rumours of people being deterred by 'shock' prices reach our ears. More beer, and yet more renditions of *Brotherhood of Man* songs as played by the *Fall*. 'Long ago-ah... outside a village in Mexico-ah... Lived a young shepherd boy, Angelo-ah...'

*Ariel's* presence is announced, and the worthy audience make the necessary trek to the more atmospheric concert hall, no doubt persuaded on the way to part with slight monies for viciously coloured liquids purporting to be cocktails; I hear the barman responsible can be quite a persuasive fellow.

*Ariel's* initial appearance is slightly disappointing; A dancing Mike Edwardes clone doing anything but playing his guitar over half an acre of *Sisters* backbeat circa '85, but they get going. Admittedly, when they get going they have a tendency to wander up the blind alley marked 'wannabe *Jesus Jones?*', but they're a bright and poppy proposition, and they go down well with the crowd. They play their ace a little too early, in the form of a bubbly girl who could've failed an audition for *Dollar*, acting out a coy but charged relationship with the guitarist/frontman that works well in the context of the formal structure known as 'guitar-driven dance'. From thereon in, it's downstairs to watch the *Heartthrobs*.

I haven't seen the *Heartthrobs* for two years, and, if I recall, they were bloody good that night. So it came





as no surprise to discover that the Heartthrobs do 'brilliant' for a living, i.e. they're f\*\*kin ace. Streams of guitar sounds weaved together into steamed tunes, crisply wreathed around watertight rhythms and poignant singing. God, it's gorgeous; frequently out-musings the *Muses*, and yet at the same time, considerably earthier. It is this fallible corporeality which made '91's 'Total Abandon' E.P. one of that year's more enduring releases. A polkadot dress shot with perspiration, recently elegant hair now disturbed and straggly; it could be Josephine rejected if it wasn't for the guitar occasionally worn like a heart on her sleeve. It's a lovely soulful performance, and I am delighted to see the audience agree. A call for a second encore is politely declined, and we leave it for that most sombre of pleasures. A beer.

After witnessing our two illustrious Ents Chairmen persuade an indecent oik to leave before, well, before he's ejaculated, I suppose... Ahem... We go, Onwards and Upwards, clutching beers and belts, and dragging ourselves over the sticky, shimmering stairs to the concert hall to wait for the legendary Pauline Black. The concert hall really is superb for atmosphere and acoustics, and I was left feeling somehow that the *Heartthrobs* had got a raw deal, that if they had played in the Concert Hall, they'd have been unstoppable, but never mind. I'm a professional, suffering a professional's indignities, while not being paid a professional's salary. *Selecter*. Hold Tight.

The Vorpall Beaver, as our resident photographic artiste wishes to be known, contorts himself into some quite incredible positions to capture Pauline's steel-eyed Sturm Und Drang as she commands first the band, then the stage, then the audience. She looks mean, vicious, a booted brute-boy shrieking over the sizzling funkpulses of a dozen ska classics, including 'Too Much Pressure', 'On My Radio' and a cover of 'Madness'. Glory. Glory. Lay it all on me. The audience, such as it is, have space enough to kick out, goose-step, frog-march, whatever the fuck they want, so long as they can call it dancing. I employ the long-suffering photographer to ever more unusual angles for a few more shots before giving up, giving in, and kickin' out with the best of them. The entertainment winds down, the

camera winds on, the crowd, newly disorientated, wanders off to their protection from the real world, oft-

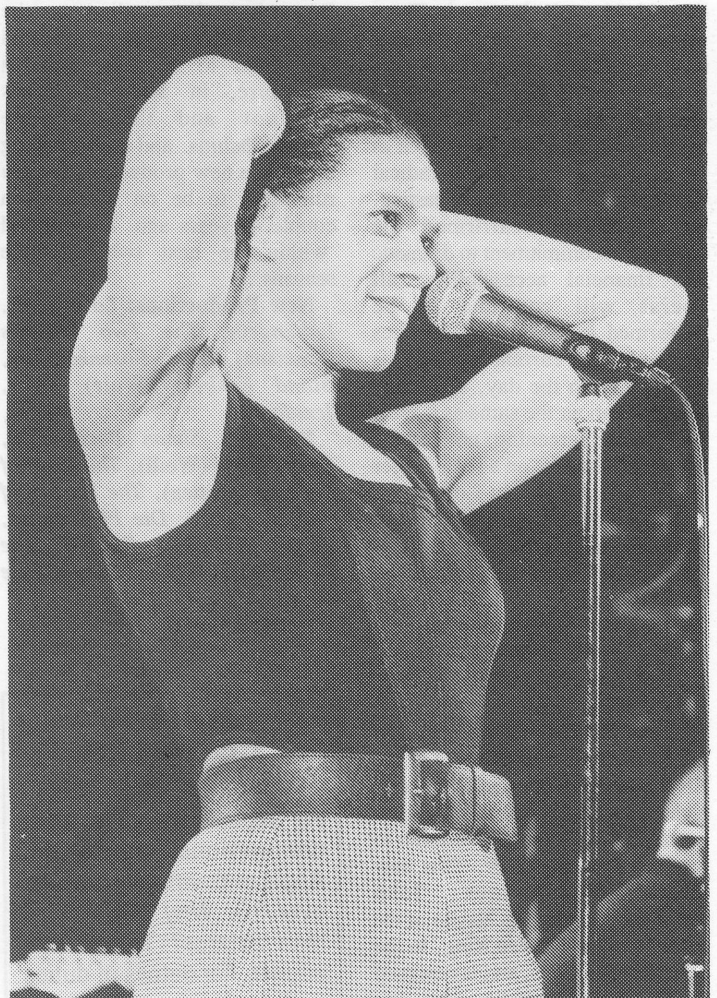
even the vorpal beaver's complaints had cheerful overtones. My thanks to them. To Kerr-McCabe PLC;



*God's Zoo do their skankin' thing*

times conveniently referred to as 'bed'. I'm sorry so few of you could find the time to attend, but I enjoyed myself, the razored and romantic troubadour enjoyed himself, and

thanks, boys. It was a bit smart. **Donny O'Nonchalant with Vorpall Beaver and the Close-Cropped Troubadour.**



*The Great Pauline Black, looking well hard*

## Next Week: What we promised you last week

Did they really call it 'Swing Ding'? Crap name. Also, what is meant by 'Skankin'?



## Theatre

### Gangster Apparel

Nice acting, shame about the play. Based around two members of the Mafia, *Gangster Apparel* focuses on the changing relationship between Lovie Falco and Joey Pugg. Although it seems to the audience to happen in the 50s and 60s on many occasions the scene is apparently set in 1992.

The day follows through from planning a 'hit' on an important businessman to its aftermath and the repercussions that will follow them the rest of their lives. For Lovie the only important factor is whether he looks good. Killing people is part of his job, but his major

consideration is that he should look like 'someone' in a crisp suit rather than the 'nobody' that he in fact is. He also instills in his partner Joey the necessity for good clothes.

Both actors were excellent in their portrayal of the two-bit hoods. They made you believe that their characters were real, and added a lot to a mediocre script.

This was the play's world premiere. It started originally as a one-act play and in my opinion it should have stayed that way, as the few good laughs that are scattered around may have been concentrated in one area. Marks out of ten? 4.

**Flossie.**

●The Old Red Lion, St John's Street, Islington, EC1. £5 concs, until 22nd May.

## Opera

### ENO 93/94 Season

English National Opera unveiled their 93/94 season last week. There are new faces in two key positions—Dennis Marks takes over from Peter Jonas as General Director, Sian Edwards replaces Music Director Mark Elder—but as yet they bring with them no radical changes in programming or casting. Dennis Marks reaffirmed the company's commitment to dramatic and financial accessibility; all operas will continue to be performed in English, and prices will be held at current levels. This means that on the day, a balcony seat costs about the same as a West End cinema screening, not bad for live entertainment on a scale larger than anywhere else in London.

As might be expected from a company with a substantial box-office deficit from the last season, there is nothing of a potentially theatre-emptying adventurousness, bar the world première of *Blond Eckbert*, an ENO commission from Judith Weir. However, there is plenty of interest; a new *Lohengrin* marks the return of Wagner to the ENO repertoire after an absence of eight years, and Jonathan Miller has been lured back to the Coliseum to produce *Rosenkavalier*. This new production features John Tomlinson, superb as Hagen in the recent Covent Garden *Ring*, in the part of Baron Ochs, and is designed by Stefanos Lazaridis, who was responsible for among other things the memorable filing cabinet cityscape of *Dr Faust*.

The wonderful *Jenufa* is to have what is surprisingly its first ever production at the Coliseum in the

first instalment of a projected Janáček cycle. A Puccini series is also planned, starting with a new production of *La bohème* featuring rising American star Roberta Alexander as Mimi.

Looking further ahead, Sian Edwards, who studied at the Leningrad Conservatoire, has said she wants to do more Russian repertoire, in particular *Boris Godunov* and the awesome *Khovanshchina*. And most enticing of all, the new production of *Lulu* rumoured to be on the cards a couple of years ago, is promised 'within the next two or three seasons'.

**New Productions:** *La bohème*, *Lohengrin*, *The Two Widows* (Smetana), *Der Rosenkavalier*, *Blond Eckbert* (Weir), *Časí, Jenufa*.

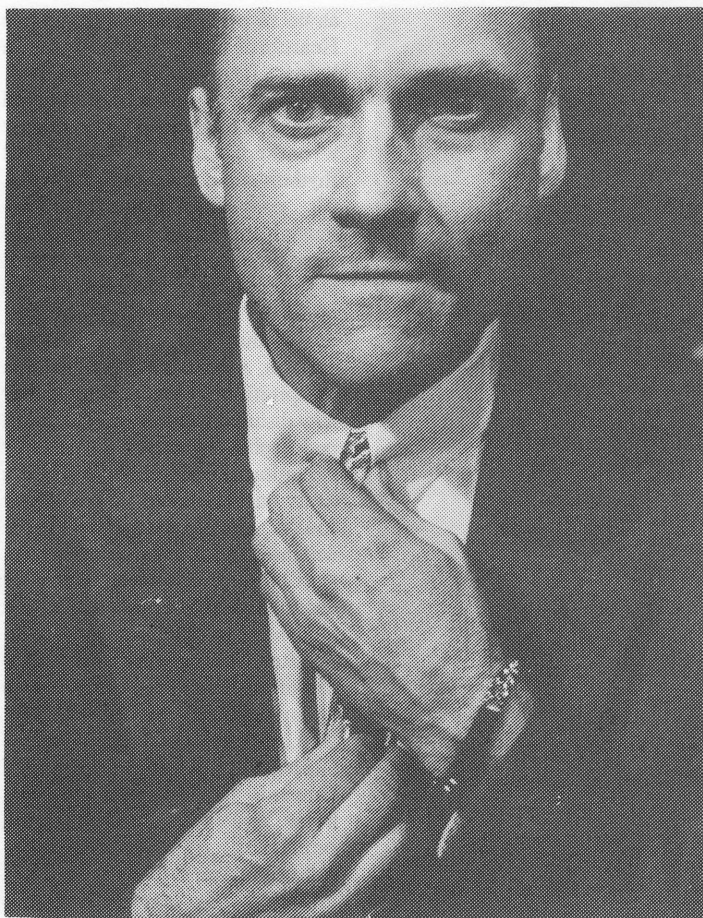
**Revivals:** *Simon Boccanegra*, *Street Scene* (Weill), *The Rape of Lucretia* (Britten), *The Barber of Seville*, *Figaro*, *Die Fledermaus*, *Xerxes* (Handel), *Falstaff*, *The Pearl Fishers*, *Eugene Onegin*, *Pete Grimes*.

**Patrick Wood.**

### AIRLINE COURIERS always wanted

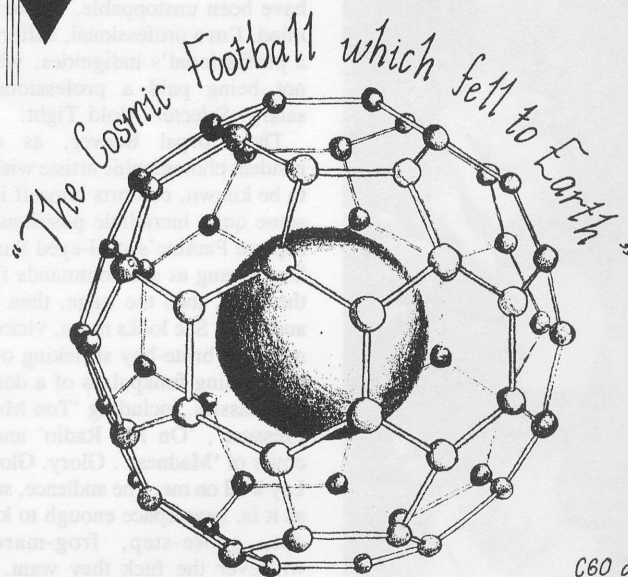
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What a moody looking git—from *Gangster Apparel*.

### Physical Society



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an atom in it  
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A lecture by

PROFESSOR HAROLD KROTO

School of Chemistry & Molecular Science  
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All Welcome



# Theatre



Josie Lawrence in a low-cut revealing dress.

## Moll Flanders

In the 18th century, Moll Flanders was a lady of ill repute, a whore. She was not like the 'on ya back every night' whore, she was more of a 'gold-digger' type whore ie she married only for money in nearly

all of her five marriages.

The musical takes you from her birth in a prison, and details, where necessary, her fortunes and misfortunes throughout her long life: she travels around the country and changes her name to Moll Flanders shortly before going to

America. She spawns approximately 10 children, all of which she leaves with her husbands to raise and steals money wherever and whenever she finds it.

It is when an event occurs in Moll's life that a song presents itself. This gives the star, Josie

'Whose Line It Is Anyway?' Lawrence, to show off her brilliant and almost operatic voice. It has to be said, her voice is sensual and charming and I am in love with it. One of the highlights of this two and three quarter hour musical was hearing Josie perform a solo every now and then. Aaah, it gives such delight to have ones ears caressed with the beautiful voice of a beautiful lady.

I hate to admit it but one or two songs did drag on just a little bit (not the ones where Josie had solo's in, I hasten to add), and the 'ensemble' did ham them up a tad too much, I thought. But on the whole this is a musical that should be seen, if only hear Josie sing.

**Hard Harry**

Name .....

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College .....

To purchase tickets for the Musical '**Moll Flanders**' starring *Josie Lawrence* simply present this slip to The Lyric Box Office. For only £2 you will be given the BEST available seats for **all performances except**

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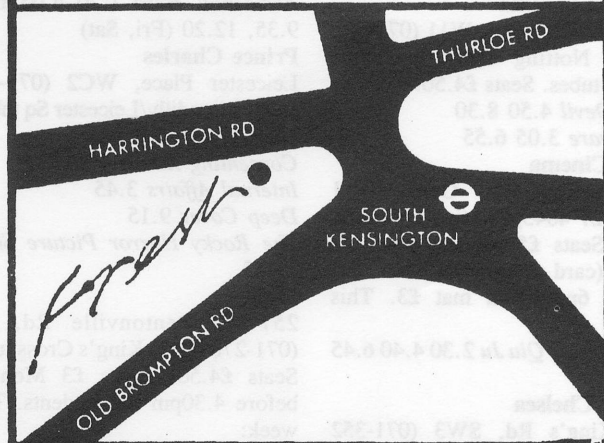
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## Reviewers Wanted

At least 15 plays to be reviewed in May and Opera and Classical Music  
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# Cricket 1st XI take two ...and 2nds Stuff Kings

IC 1st Cricket vs Kings College London and vs Brunel University

IC 1st XI got off to an outstanding start in their quest for the Commercial Union UAU Championships, beating both King's and Brunel by over 100 runs.

Although the top order have yet to find their form, IC have demonstrated all round batting depth, a fighting spirit, and a 'never-say-die' attitude, while the bowling and fielding have mesmerised the opposition.

In the game against Kings, IC Results:

Wednesday 28 April

IC 1st XI 238-9 (Jones 99, Mottashed 27, Curwood 22) (60 overs)

KCL 1st XI 130 (Mottashed 4-47) (44.4 overs)

IC won by 108 runs

Team: S Curwood, A Basu, D Jaffe, J Mottashed (capt), D Owenj, I Khan, A Jones, J Cassidy (wk), G Thabrew, J Diss, S Berry

were rescued by a 'quite literally breathtaking' innings by Andy Jones, whose 99 off only 76 balls propelled IC to an unsurmountable total of 238-9. King's were then rapidly dismissed for 130 by a solid bowling performance.

Against Brunel, IC struggled to an 81 for 8 at lunch, before a superb partnership of 115 between Steve Blyth (70) and James Diss (26 n.o.) stunned the Brunel attack. IC finished on 195 for 9 and then skittled a demoralised Brunel side for a mere 61, Dafydd Owen taking a 'Gus-Logietastic' five catches at short-leg.

Sunday 2nd May

IC 1st XI 195-9 (Bluth 70, Diss 26 n.o., Jaffe 22) (60 overs)

Brunel 61 (Trussel 4-14, Khan 3-25) 34 overs)

IC won by 134 runs

Team: S Cuwood, A Basu, D Jaffe, J Mottashed (capt), D Owen, A Jones, I Khan, S Blyth (wk), G Thabrew, J Diss, S Trussel.

On a dull and overcast Wednesday morning, the IC Cricket 2nd XI set out to Harlington to play Kings College in the Commercial Union UAU Championships. Eventually the opposition arrived and the toss was taken, which IC lost and Kings elected to bat.

The wicket proved treacherous for the opening pair but they bravely batted on with ball after ball flying past their ears. Eventually Kings got a breakthrough by dismissing Mustafa Hussain off a good length ball. This signalled the arrival of the Man-of-the-Match Steve Blythe who smashed his second delivery for a glorious 6 and went onto score an impressive 66. Everyone contributed to the eventual score of 194 (not a bad effort on such a wicket).

By the time Kings came to bat, the sun had come out and the pitch had dried. The opposition had an air of confidence about them but they had not counted on the lightning pace of our opening bowlers. Manni

Manimaara and Zulfi Hassan. Manni took a wicket in just the 2nd over off one of the worst balls you are ever likely to see. However with continued tight bowling the visitors were struggling, well below the required run-rate, by tea.

On resumption, fine bowling spells from Jawwad Darr, Dave Phillips and Ed Holme signalled trouble for Kings. With only 6 overs to go 60 runs were required and only 1 wicket remained. Off the bowling of Ed the last batsman got an outside edge which sent the ball so high that it almost went into orbit. Running backwards Stuart Hill pulled off an amazing one-handed catch securing victory for IC. We had lost the toss but had stuffed the opposition by 57 runs. This was an impressive start to the season with fine team performance and some notable ones by certain individuals.

Well done to everyone and here's to many more victories and many more jugs of beer!

## Back tracking Wobblers again

Once again, nay for the last time my dappled hand draws the steel nib across the page. Oh yes, it is the last Imperial College Hockey Report of the year. An opportunity to tell all you lovely people about our exploits.

For the record, here are the figures:

P32 W13 D4 D15 F60 A71

Henry Ford is reputed to have said, statistics are bunk. Disguised under that seemingly innocuous set of numbers hides a most amazing fact. For the first time since you knows when, Imperial College Men's 1st XI Hockey team won something. The University of London Cup is our proud possession, or at least it shall be when they get around to giving it to us (only two months late).

As well as being the highlight of our year, the Cup run was the golden strand sown through the season. Our victims to reach the final included Kings College, who we hadn't beaten since anyone could remember, and a very tight game against the Medic types of UMDS. In those games we played as well as any IC team I've seen in

three years. The final of course was the marshmallow fairy astride our victory cake. Royal Holloway had humiliated us pretty regularly in UAU and London League fixtures over the years. 5-1 had been a popular score as well. Yet despite their training schedules and rolling substitutes, we made short work of them scoring three goals in ten frantic minutes. Final score 3-1.

The other parts of the season were workmanlike; an equal mixture of good and bad. Hari-Kari was the order of the day in the UAU. After credible performances against Reading, Brunel and Kings, we threw it all away losing to Charing Cross on grass in a game where we weren't sure who was playing where. The London League looked good for a time, until we played an out of form UCL side and lost 5-3. The four counties Saturday League produced many a laugh but little in the way of results. Memorable amongst the former were the forgetfulness of a certain goalkeeper and a bad succession of 9 man teams. In the end we did about as well as usual coming 11th of 15 teams. League reorganisation

IMPERIAL COLLEGE CRICKET CLUB FIXTURES 1993				
Date	H/A	Opponents	Type	Team
Sun 8 May	H	RHBNC	UAU	1st/2nd
Wed 12 May	A	Royal Free	F	1st
Sat 15 May		FA Cup Final		
Sun 16 May	A	Surrey Uni 2nd XI	F	2nd
Wed 19 May	H	QMWC	UL Cup	1st
Wed 19 May	H	St Mary's 2nd XI	F	2nd
Sat 22 May				
Wed 26 May	A	St Mary's	F	1st
Wed 2 June	H	St Bartolomews	F	1st
Sat 5 June	A	Sussex Uni	F	1st/2nd
Wed 9 June	H	St Georges	F	1st
Sat 12 June	A	London Hospital 2nd	F	2nd
Sun 13 June	A	LSE	F	1st
Wed 16 June	A	Surrey Uni	F	1st

means we might go down.

Still in a year that started out being a 'Help! Where's my team' situation, we were pretty impressible at times. The heart of last year's team had left (6 players) but somehow the gaps were filled by new players, legends created and barnames bestowed. Credit and mention must go to leading scorer

Dave Fairhurst with 16 goals, most in the latter half of the season. Only Dave leaves for sunny climes at the end of the year, so next season greater things may happen. The Right Honourable Edward Spence Penford Esquire will lead the merry men to future glory. We wish him well.

As promised last term, 'Backtracking' will be a regular feature in the sports pages giving all the teams the chance to fill in on the gory details that we could not print last term. Meanwhile the Cricket season is under way and we will try

to get as up to date on that as we can, as soon as possible.

Apologies for last week's Felix, but you survived without us (the Sports page) so never mind.

Sarmad (Sports ed.)